THE DAYSPRING.

"The dayspring from on high hath visited us."

OLD SERIES. VOL XXIV. | MAY, 1873. | NEW SERIES. VOL. II. NO 5.

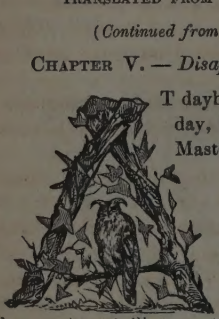
For The Dayspring.

THE BLIND BOY.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.

(*Continued from page* 52.)

CHAPTER V. — *Disappointed Hopes.*



T daybreak, the following day, Magdalene went to Master Tanzer to help carry the wares to the market-place. She had made several trips back and forth, when the apprentice-boy met her, and, with ill-concealed joy, said, —

"Holloa! a policeman was just after you!"

Magdalene turned pale. She remembered her absence from school, which was against the rules, and the misrepresentations of the unknown apprentice.

"After me?" she stammered.

"Yes," answered the boy. "The man said he'd find you soon enough."

And so it was. As she arrived with her basket full of painted wares at Mr. Tanzer's booth, the policeman was already there.

"Put that down," he said, "and come with me."

Magdalene began to tremble so violently that for a few minutes she could scarcely stand; then, with her head bowed down, she followed him from the market-place. She could not raise her eyes to the many curious faces, and the tears rolled down her cheeks as she heard remarks made about her as she passed along. The policeman pitied her, and said: "It was the school-teacher; he gave notice that you had played truant for six days."

He led her to the station, where she was put into a large room already occupied by all sorts of bad company. Like a frightened deer, she hid herself in one corner, and sobbed: —

"Oh, how anxious mother will be without me! who will cook her soup and raise her up? If I could only get the dollar to her, that Mr. Tanzer gave me this morning! She could appease the landlord with it, who said he would put us out on the street if we did not pay our rent this week."

So she talked to herself and sobbed. The hours, which usually passed so swiftly at her work, now dragged into what seemed more like days. "Oh, how long it takes to make one hour! I'd rather work in any way in the world," she said to herself, "than to be idle."

So the morning and afternoon passed. She could weep no more. She placed herself at the iron-grated window and looked into the narrow street. Here she saw all sorts of things carried by which were intended for Christmas presents. Apples and candy pyramids, and little pine-trees and frosted cakes, houses with gardens, little theatres, rocking-horses, and all those toys which never fail to rejoice the hearts of boys and girls.

It grew darker and darker. Then she saw the lights in a house opposite, and as she heard the shouts of joy of the children, she recollected that this was the evening that she was to have passed with Mr. Tanzer's family. The thought was too much for her. The tears flowed down her cheeks, and she sobbed till Sleep, the friend of the poor and the unhappy, came to dry her eyes and make her forget her sorrows.

Cannon waked her from her uneasy sleep. It was four o'clock in the morning, and the three reports were to welcome in the Christmas day. At the same moment all the bells of the city rang out a merry peal. Magdalene lifted herself up in bed. She was the

first one awake. She thought of her helpless mother, of her anxiety and suffering, of Raphael and all she had promised to do for him to-day, and the tears sprang again to her eyes.

It was unfortunate for her that her confinement was just during the holidays, else she would have been speedily released. Now there were no hearings. At last on the third day she begged the wife of the warden to give her something to do. This request surprised the woman. She looked kindly at the little girl, and said, "Work, eh? I've plenty of it. If you'll promise not to run away, and to be real industrious, I'll let you help me wash dishes." Magdalene promised willingly, and felt herself already happier as she breathed the fresh, cold air, and had something to do.

CHAPTER VI. — *The Auction.*

BUT what had become of Mrs. Tuba and of Raphael all this time? Many tears had the good woman shed for her daughter. At last she had been obliged by her hard landlord to leave her rooms and seek a new lodging. Here she was in want and sorrow, when early one morning the door opened and Magdalene appeared. Oh, how warm were the greetings of mother and daughter, of brother and sister!

Early one morning the three might have been seen with anxious faces at an auctioneer's room, where their household treasures which the landlord had seized for the rent were being called off and sold.

"Number 27," called the sharp voice of the auctioneer, "a front-door lock and key. Now what'll you bid for it? Come, gentlemen! The lock is quite new, must have cost twelve pence. Who bids?"

"Six pence," sounded a voice.

"Six pence," cried the auctioneer. "Six pence for the first time, six pence for the second time, six pence, six pence, won't some one give seven? It's going for nothing; the key's worth more. Going at six pence, going, going, gone at six pence."

"Oh, Magdalene!" said Raphael, "lead me to my Hans, that I may take leave of him."

They pressed through the crowd until they stood before the bird-cage which was covered with a cloth.

"Bet, bet," said Magdalene in a low tone, and raised the cloth a little.

"Bink, bink," answered the bird, who recognized the voice.

"Let that alone!" called out the man, and Magdalene dropped the cloth quickly; but Raphael laid his hand quickly on the cage and said, as he sighed deeply, "Oh, if I could only see, now that I can't hear my birdie sing!"

At last it came the bird's turn.

"Number 42, canary bird and cage," said the auctioneer; "a fine little creature, gold with black tips, sings like a nightingale. What'll you give for it?"

Mother and children trembled. Every word of praise pierced their hearts. Magdalene counted the money in her pocket.

"Only have courage," she said to Raphael; "call out bravely up to ten pence, perhaps you'll have luck, or perhaps they'll have pity and let us have our darling."

"Five pence for the first time, five pence," called the auctioneer, "six pence, once —"

"Seven pence!" cried a voice.

"Eight pence!" called out Raphael, turning pale.

"Eight pence!" cried the auctioneer, "going! going!"

"Nine pence!" called a voice in the crowd.

"Ten pence!" called out Raphael. His voice sounded like one in despair.

The attention of all present, even of the

auctioneer and his men, were turned to the boy, who stood there deathly pale with his eyes turned toward his bird. Magdalene's hands were clasped and raised, and her lovely blue eyes were swimming with tears.

There was a short silence, then began a murmur of questions and answers about the poor family. Some one related the true story of their sufferings. All felt pity for the blind boy, and no one offered to bid higher. The bird was Raphael's. With trembling hands Magdalene counted out the ten pence that she had saved from her earnings. Raphael could not contain himself for joy. He embraced the cage and pressed it to his heart, as he sobbed aloud. In more than one eye the tears trembled, and it was only after the little family had left the room that the bidding continued. Then among the poorer articles there came up the old oil painting that had often served to stop up a broken window-pane. It was a much more valuable picture than any one of the family except, perhaps, the dead father, had dreamed. Fortunately for them an old picture-lover was among the crowd, and he bid higher and higher upon it till it was struck off to him at fifty-seven dollars and sixteen pence. "It is a veritable Lucas Cranach, a very rare picture," he said, as he gazed at the old half-dim painting of an old man with a flowing beard; "and a great bargain at fifty-seven dollars and sixteen pence," he added.

So the auction ended better than the little family had even supposed, and better than they knew of till afterwards.

"THOU may'st as well expect to grow stronger by always eating as wiser by always reading. Too much overcharges nature, and turns more into disease than nourishment. It is thought and digestion which makes books serviceable, and gives health and vigor to the mind." Iler.

CONCERT EXERCISE.

Arranged for the Unitarian Sunday School, Leominster.

BY MRS. LYDIA J. ROBBINS.

SUBJECT: CROSS AND CROWN.

[In this Exercise, the questions were asked by the Superintendent, and the answers given by the different classes. The recitations and semi-choruses were given by scholars of different ages, so as to interest both old and young. The Motto, "NO CROSS, NO CROWN," was arranged above the pulpit; and in the centre of it a cross of moss entwined with ivy upon a mound of moss and flowers, and above it, suspended upon a wire, a crown of brightest flowers.]

THIRTY-FIRST SERVICE: with tenth Prayer, page 73, S. S. Service Book.

Sup't. — What was one of Christ's commands to his disciples?

School. — Bear the cross.

Class. — And he said to them all, If any man will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross daily, and follow me.

For whosoever will save his life shall lose it; but whosoever will lose his life for my sake, the same shall save it.

For what is a man advantaged, if he gain the whole world, and lose himself, or be cast away. — *Luke* ix. 23–25.

RECITATION: —

'Tis my happiness below,
Not to live without the cross;
But the Saviour's power to know,
Sanctifying every loss.
Trials must and will befall;
But with humble faith to see
Love inscribed upon them all,
This is happiness to me.

in [illegible]ae ows the seeds
Of affliction, pain, and toil;
These spring up and choke the weeds
Which would else o'erspread the soil.

Trials make the promise sweet,
Trials give new life to prayer;
Trials bring me to his feet,
Lay me low, and keep me there.

Did I meet no trials here,
No kind chastenings by the way,
Might I not with reason fear
I should prove a castaway?
Worldlings may escape the rod,
Sunk in earthly, vain delight,
But the true-born child of God
Must not, — would not, if he might.
— *Newton.*

Sup't. — What do we understand by the word "cross"?

Class. — The cross is a symbol for those reproaches, self-denials, and sacrifices, which the true followers of Christ must expect to endure. The cross, though the sign of ignominy and suffering, is a symbol of glory to the Christian. Among the Romans, death by the cross was a punishment of the meanest slaves, and was a mark of infamy. This punishment was so common, that pains, afflictions, troubles, &c., were called crosses. Hence our Saviour's command referred evidently to the cares and duties of the Christian life.

QUARTETTE: "The True Cross." From *Peters's Musical Monthly*, May, 1871.

RECITATION: "The Changed Cross."

Sup't. — What do we mean when we speak of bearing the cross?

Class. — Meeting life's duties and trials with patience and cheerfulness.

Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven. — *Matt.* v. 16.

But lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven, where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, and where thieves do not break through nor steal.

For where your treasure is, there will your heart be also. — *Matt.* vi. 20, 21.

Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me; for I am meek and lowly in heart; and ye shall find rest unto your souls.

For my yoke is easy, and my burden is light. — *Matt.* xi. 29, 30.

CHANT: Hymn 226, S. S. Service Book.

RECITATION: "Thy Will be Done." From *Poems by Lucy Larcom.*

Sup't. — What often come as crosses through life?

School. — Troubles and trials.

Class. — Count it all joy when ye fall into divers temptations;

Knowing this, that the trying of your faith worketh patience. — *James* i. 2, 3.

My son, despise not thou the chastening of the Lord, nor faint when thou art rebuked of him:

For whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom he receiveth.

Now no chastening for the present seemeth to be joyous, but grievous; nevertheless, afterward it yieldeth the peaceable fruit of righteousness unto them which are exercised thereby. — *Heb.* xii. 5, 6, 11.

RECITATION: "Every Day." By Elizabeth Akers Allen, in *Scribner's Monthly.*

Sup't. — Does not our Heavenly Father sustain the Christian in trial?

Class. — Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing? and one of them shall not fall to the ground without your Father.

But the very hairs of your head are all numbered.

Fear ye not therefore, ye are of more value than many sparrows.

Whosoever shall confess me before men, him will I confess also before my Father which is in heaven.

But whosoever shall deny me before men, him will I also deny before my Father which is in heaven. — *Matt.* x. 29–33.

In God is my salvation and my glory; the rock of my strength, and my refuge is in God. — *Ps.* lxii. 7.

For thou art my rock and my fortress; therefore for thy name's sake lead me and guide me. — *Ps.* xxxi. 3.

Call upon me in the day of trouble, so will I hear thee, and thou shalt praise me.

SEMI-CHORUS: "Cast thy Burden on the Lord." From *Elijah*, Mendelssohn.

RECITATION: "On Another's Sorrow." From *Posies for Children*, Anna C. Lowell.

Sup't. — Is not the world often cruel to the faithful servant?

Class. — Remember the word that I said unto you, The servant is not greater than his lord. If they have persecuted me, they will also persecute you. — *John* xv. 20.

Yea, all that will live godly in Jesus Christ shall suffer persecution. — 2 *Tim.* iii. 12.

Beloved, think it not strange concerning the fiery trial which is to try you, as though some strange thing happened unto you.

But rejoice, inasmuch as ye are partakers of Christ's sufferings; that when his glory shall be revealed, ye may be glad also with exceeding joy. — 1 *Peter* iv. 12, 13.

SEMI-CHORUS, by boys: page 77, New Golden Censer.

Sup't. — What is the reward of faithfully bearing our crosses?

School. — A crown of righteousness.

Class. — Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous judge, shall give me at that day; and not to me only, but unto all them also that love his appearing. — 2 *Tim.* iv. 8.

CHORUS, by Sunday School: Hymn 89, S. S. Service Book.

RECITATION, by a very small boy: —

ABOVE THE BRIGHT BLUE SKY.

There's a home for little children,
Above the bright blue sky,
Where Jesus reigns in glory, —
A home of peace and joy.
No home on earth is like it,
Or can with it compare;
For every one is happy,
Nor could be happier there.

There's a crown for little children,
Above the bright blue sky,
And all who follow Jesus
Shall wear it by and by.
A crown of brightest glory
Our Father will bestow
On all who've found his favor,
And loved him while below.

RECITATION (with semi-chorus of little girls, from Buds of Promise, page 80): —

THE CROWN.

I, a little child, am pleading
For a crown so fair,
Made of blossoms never fading,
Starlight flowers rare.
Snow-white blossoms, without tarnish,
Give to me, I pray,
For this crown that ne'er will perish,
And never will decay.

One the flower of Meekness, shedding
Purity around;
Next sweet Patience, never fading,
Place within the crown.
Star-eyed Hope I'll gather,
With her promise olden;
Cheerfulness shall be the text
Of the fresh buds golden.

"Last, not least," the blossom pleasing,
That my eyes beholdeth,
Giving fragrance without ceasing,
Sweet, bright buds unfoldeth:
The crowning flower of all my life,
The sweetest name e'er sung,
Is Charity, that brings no strife,
And never unkind tongue.

(Semi-chorus sing the following lines after each of the stanzas above has been recited.)

Truth shall be the golden setting
Of this crown so fair:
Love shall shed a sunny halo
O'er these blossoms rare.

Sup't. — What other names are given to this crown?

School. — A crown of life.

Class. — Blessed is the man that endureth temptation: for when he is tried, he shall receive the crown of life which the Lord hath promised to them that love him. — *James* i. 12.

School. — A crown of glory.

Class. — And when the chief Shepherd shall appear, ye shall receive a crown of glory that fadeth not away. — 1 *Peter* v. 4.

School. — A crown of rejoicing.

Class. — For what is our hope, or joy, or crown of rejoicing? Are not even ye in the presence of our Lord Jesus Christ at his coming? — 1 *Thess.* ii. 19.

School. — An incorruptible crown.

Class. — And every man that striveth for the mastery is temperate in all things. Now they do it to obtain a corruptible crown, but we an incorruptible. — 1 *Cor.* ix. 25.

DIALOGUE: "The Golden Crown." From S. S. Speaker, by O. A. Cheney.

DUET and SEMI-CHORUS: "There's a Crown for you and me." Page 15, New Golden Shower.

Sup't. — What do these crowns signify?

School. — Life and immortality.

Class. — For I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that he shall stand at the latter day upon the earth. — *Job.* xix. 25.

Then shall the righteous shine forth as the sun in the kingdom of their Father. Who hath ears to hear let him hear. — *Matt.* xiii. 43.

Then shall the King say unto them on his right hand, Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world. — *Matt.* xxv. 34.

For he that soweth to the flesh shall of the flesh reap corruption; but he that soweth to the Spirit shall of the Spirit reap life everlasting. — *Gal.* vi. 8.

And if children, then heirs; heirs of God, and joint heirs with Christ; if so be that we suffer with him, that we may be also glorified together.

For I reckon that the sufferings of the present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed in us. — *Rom.* viii. 17, 18.

RECITATION: "The Immortal Crown." From S. S. Speaker, by O. A. Cheney.

Sup't. — What great joy awaits the faithful soul?

School. — A heavenly home.

Class. — Let not your heart be troubled: ye believe in God, believe also in me.

In my Father's house there are many mansions; if it were not so I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you.

And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again and receive you unto myself; that where I am, there ye may be also. *John* xiv. 1-3.

RECITATION: "The Heaven that's here." From Alice Cary's Poems.

My God, I feel thy wondrous might
In Nature's varied shows:
The whirlwind's breath, the tender light
Of the rejoicing rose.

For doth not that same power enfold
Whatever things are new,
Which shone about the saints of old,
And struck the seas in two?

Ashamed, I veil my eyes
From this, thy earthly reign;
What shall I do when I arise
From death, — but die again?

What shall I do but prostrate fall
Before the splendor there,
That here so dazzles me through all
The dusty robes I wear?

Life's outward and material laws,
Love, sunshine, all things bright,
Are curtains which thy mercy draws
To shield us from the light.

I falter when I try to seek
The world which these conceal;
I stammer when I fain would speak
The reverence I feel.

I dare not pray to thee to give
That heaven which shall appear;
My cry is: Help me, Thou, to live
Within the heaven that's here!

Sup't. — In conclusion, what should be the watchword and motto of every Christian?

School. — No Cross: No Crown.

SINGING: "Mansions of Glory." Page 48, Treasure, No. 2.

For The Dayspring.

SPRING.

"SPRING has come," sang Robin Red,
In a chestnut bough o'erhead.
"Tiny buds begin to swell;
That's the way that I can tell."

"Spring has come," said Chick-a-dee
To a Wren upon the tree;
"For I heard a Robin sing,
That is why *I* know it's Spring."

"Who knows better," said a fly,
"All about the Spring than I?"
Shaking out his drowsy wing,
"Don't you hear me buzz-buzzing?"

Said a Daisy from her bed,
"I feel warmth above my head,
And a thousand voices hear,
Coming softly to my ear.

"All I catch of what they say
Is, '*We're coming up to day,*
Into light and into Sun.'
That' why *I* know Spring has come."

"I can feel the south wind blow,
I can hear the brooklets flow;
Now," said little Bobby Bright,
"I can go and fly my kite."

Said a little Squirrel Red,
"I know when the winter's fled;
For I've eaten all my store,
And must go and hunt for more."

AUNT CLARA.

NORTH ANDOVER, Mass.

SCHOOL EXAMINATION.

AN old-fashioned school-master one day announced to his pupils that an examination would soon take place. "If you are examined in geography," said he, "you will surely be asked what is the shape of the earth; and, if you do not remember, just look at me and I will show you my snuff-box, to remind you that it is round." Unfortunately, the teacher had two snuff-boxes,— a round one, which he only used on extra occasions, and a square one, which he carried at other times. The fatal day having arrived, the class in geography was duly called out, and the question asked: "What is the shape of the earth?" The first boy, appalled at the imposing appearance of the examining committee, felt embarrassed, and glanced at the master, who at once pointed at his snuff-box. "Sir," boldly answered the boy, "it is round sometimes, and at other times square."

HEALTHFUL LIVING.

A LAZY dyspeptic was bewailing his own misfortune, and congratulating his friend on his hearty appearance.

"What do you do to make yourself so strong and healthy?" inquired the dyspeptic.

"I live on fruit alone," answered the friend.

"What kind of fruit?"

"The fruit of industry; and I am never troubled with indigestion.

MATT. xiii. 45, 46.

THE BIRDS.

THE little birds have had cold feet ever so many times this spring. They left their sunny nooks in the South to come North, and build their nests, and sing sweet songs for little boys and girls. But the sun did not shine out warm. Sometimes the air would be full of white specks, that came down on their backs, and made them cold. Then the ground would be all white, and if they put their feet in the white, how cold it would make them!

The birds had to go in the thick woods and find snug, warm places, where they could rest, and draw their feet up in their soft feathers and keep them warm.

But now the sun has smiled on the trees, and made the leaves grow, and the bright blossoms come. The birds are so happy they have forgotten all about the cold specks that kept falling upon their backs, and into their eyes; and all about the white ground that made their feet ache.

Now they get up before the sun, and how they do sing! How *can* we tell how happy they are? When children are very happy, we say they are as happy as birds.

If you look at the three birds in the picture, you will see that two of them only are singing. One is listening. Each of the two is asking her to be his mate; to go with him and build a pretty nest in a handsome tree, and have it for a nice home through all the summer days and nights. Each is trying his very best, and singing his very sweetest song.

If you look at her, you will see which one she likes the best, by the way she turns her head towards him. By and by other bird will fly away and find another bird to sing to. He will not have to fly far. His loving song will soon win a mate for him.

When they get mated, the birds will say, Where shall we build our nests? Here is a fine tree in this garden, let us build here? No, she says; my mother told me last year not to build my nest near this place. Joe Badboy lives here, and he stones birds and robs nests.

Come this way where that boy and girl are at work in their garden. See that tree with the thick leaves. That will be a nice place. You need not be afraid of *that* little boy. His name is Johnny Goodheart, and that is his sister May. They will like to have us in their garden, and will give us a feast of crumbs very often.

All readers of the "Dayspring" belong to the Goodheart family. The birds know them and love them right well. The robins, the sparrows,

the yellow-birds, and ever so many more birds are coming to live with them all the summer and cheer them with their lively songs.

"O, he who feeds the little ones,
And guides their parents to their home,
Will surely guide the little ones
And guide my wandering feet.
He'll take me to the land of rest,
And feed me by the waters,
And feed me with the pleasant fruits
That grow in Paradise."

PEARLS.

As far back as our written histories carry us, we find the pearls were regarded as beautiful ornaments and valuable. Large and luminous ones brought a very high price. The two famous pearls which Julius Cæsar gave to his mistress were valued at ten million sesterces, or about four hundred thousand dollars. The story of her dissolving one in vinegar and drinking the compound to the health of Mark Antony on earth is taken as the statement of a literal fact, as it requires a more powerful acid than vinegar to dissolve a pearl. Pearls are of a yellowish, or bluish white color.

The best pearls are found on the coasts of Ceylon and Sumatra, and in the Persian Gulf. The pearl oyster, however, abounds in other parts of the world; but the pearls formed in those parts are generally smaller. The pearl-fisheries of Ceylon are the most famous. They are under the control of the English government and are carried on under certain restrictions.

The fishing season lasts only about a month. The divers go out in boats a little distance from the shore. They each take a bag and a big stone to make them sink rapidly, and jump overboard, going down thirty, forty, or fifty feet to the bottom. They pull the oysters from the rocks and put them in their bags as rapidly as possible, and then give themselves a rush upwards, and swim to the boats. They can stay under water from a minute to a minute and a half. Each oyster contains from half a dozen to a dozen pearls, and sometimes more. Many of them are small, and are called seed-pearls. These are sold by weight. Pearls are sold as soon as they are taken out, for as they increase in size, they increase very rapidly in value. A gentleman in England has a pearl that is four and a half inches in circumference, two inches long, and weighs three ounces.

It is supposed that the formation of the pearls in the oyster is owing to some injury that the animal has received, that causes the peculiar secretion that hardens into pearl. This secretion gathers around grains of sand, or other substances getting within the shell.

The eastern people used to think that pearls were formed by drops of rain falling into the mussel-shells when they were open, and hardened by the animal secretion. The poet Moore alludes to this notion when he says:—

"Precious the tear as that rain from the sky
Which turns into pearls as it falls on the sea."

The pearl so much esteemed for its purity and beauty came to be used to denote any thing precious, — as wise sayings, for example. When Jesus, in his instructions to his disciples, told them not to "cast their pearls before swine," he meant by "swine," men of a low, sensual, corrupt nature, and by "pearls," the heavenly truths of purity and love. They were not to do this, because such men were not ready to receive such truths, and could have no idea of their meaning. They would take them in a low, coarse sense, harmonizing with their corrupt lives, and thus be as swine would with pearls, trample them under feet.

In the description of the Holy City, in the Book of Revelation, every gate is a *pearl*. May that mean that the entrance into heaven is through the precious truth that God has revealed to men?

The merchant seeking "goodly pearls," and when he finds one of "great price" selleth all that he hath and purchaseth it, is the man seeking worldly wisdom, and when he finds the "wisdom that is from above" sacrifices all things to obtain it. The "pearl of great price" is no perishable ornament of the body that dies; but the rich and everlasting possession of the undying soul.

THE CHILDREN'S APPEAL.

[At the close of the concert exercises of the Unitarian Sunday School, at Chelsea, on Easter evening, a contribution was taken up for the benefit of the School. Before sending round the boxes, the Superintendent, Rev. J. B. Green, called up a young lad, who spoke the following piece prepared for the occasion. The handsome way in which he spoke it ought to have filled the boxes.]

KIND friends, we've asked you here to-night
To see our School and hear its story;
And should we please you with the sight,
We know you'll gladly all unite
To help along its simple glory.

We're told by teachers kind and true,
That life's rough sea which lies before us
The frailest bark may safe go through,
And reach the land beyond the blue,
If we but trust the chart before us.

But teachers feel they need your prayers,
To keep their oft-tried hearts from failing,
When choking weeds and wicked tares,
Spring up, they say, most unawares,
And make their work seem unavailing.

Your sympathy and prayers we need;
We need a little *earthly* treasure,
To purchase books containing seed
Will yield return in richest need,
To *you*, *will give* the sweetest pleasure.

So when the little box goes round,
Please sympathize down in your pocket,
And then your prayers will not be found,
Like tinkling brass, an empty sound,
But help our Library and stock it.

Don't be afraid you'll give too much;
The cause is good, we need the money:
Who freely gives, alone is rich;
Not he who to his gold will clutch,
And love it as a bee its honey.

Lay up, dear friends, a goodly store
Where moth and rust corrupt no treasure;
And when you reach that other shore,
Where loving friends have gone before,
May Heaven fill full your cup of pleasure.

For The Dayspring.

THE LITTLE COUSINS.

BY E. P. C.

CHAPTER X.

TOPSHAM, November, last day, 1868.

COUSIN PING WING, — Our mothers are defrauding us; dolls should not be taken at their word, and our notes are of the scantiest. I have a great deal to tell you, but I have a very poor pen. If I have a good pen I write well; if I don't, I don't.

No sitting at table for me Thanksgiving Day, but doomed to a dismal closet-shelf, with cracks that pain my shoulders still. To be sure Lyddy Ashby's Jemima and I talked, at least she did; for she stares if you interrupt her. Her first question was, —

"How many servants do you keep?"

"One and a half," said I, which was the first time Biddy had been of use to me.

"Lou's mother," said Jemima, "must be poor as a rat, or else queer. But human folks are always odd: when they're young they're dying to be old, and when they're old they're dying to be young; and just the same about being married. I pity all but grandma Madam Ashby, whom hate."

"Do you like boys?"

"Yes;" she said.

So all that talk of Lyddy's brothers hanging Jemima from a cherry-tree is one of Mother Lou's day-dreams.

"I should like grandma Ashby if she hadn't a soul," said Jemima. "She made Mr. Ashby lose the train the other day, talking about his soul. She ought to go a missionary to the cannibals."

"Ugh!" said I, "aren't those the folks that eat other people?"

"Well, then, we'll send her to the Fejees or the Sandwichers."

"To the last, if you please, for grandma Haseltine was a sandwich once."

"Madam Ashby says girls would be decent but for dolls."

Then I saw what made Jemima so spiteful, for she has the highest opinion of herself. I wonder what she'd say to see how Baby and Biddy go on without looking at me. They forget my nerves. Enter Biddy smiling; out go Baby's arms; she jumps him, they laugh, he crows, they scream, my head rages, a pause for bread and milk, then awful songs to get him to sleep.

I'm yellow as a lemon, and live in my night-gown. I tried to amuse you with the baby's basket. Nothing amuses me; only dulness happens. How will you help writing if Madge chooses? I would run away, but I'm fainting away. SLATER.

Postscript. — Dear Madge, Slater has given out. Her letter worries me, it is so out of sorts. Her mind is as ill as her body. She will have to be taken to a hospital. Mother says Jemima speaks in a very wrong way of old Mrs. Ashby.

"But," said I, "she catches that from Lyddy, who says 'grandma's hateful.'"

"Shocking!" said mother, "don't repeat it."

"But grandma Haseltine never talks to Madge and me before people about being religious."

"Lou," said mother, "you are healthy, and have probably a long life before you. You will see all sorts of people, and think their ways strange; but I want you to think kindly of their motives, and very tenderly of aged people. Old Mrs. Ashby brought her son up to be a good man. And if you were eighty you might be anxious to teach little girls the right way."

Little mother's talking gently, instead of scolding, made me feel mild-like towards Madam Ashby. Mother said it was because I was doing what I never did before, putting myself in her place (what a big place, Madgy, my dear, she's such a banging woman), and if I only remembered to do so I should stop thinking harshly of her.

I shall try; it will be hard, but I shall try to think mildly when grandma Ashby slaps Lyddy's back to make her sit up straight (she'd have to slap *you* all the time), and when she clears her throat if I forget and tell Lyddy before her about Slater's million diseases. And most of all I'll try to "keep saying nothing," as our dear grandmother says, when Madam Ashby calls out "That's a Haseltine exaggeration;" for that means that all our family, mother, grandma, and us two and both of us, say too much.

But it is not Aunt Wealthy's not happening to marry that makes her so worrisome; for if you'll believe it, Madam Ashby had two husbands, and is just as little pleasant as an old maid. So you see we need not have been so sure that we must marry at last to escape being another Aunt Wealthy. It's not being married, Miss Madge, but having a right soul — true as true. I am getting so fast into grandma Ashby's place, that I am talking just like her, and have to look in the glass to be sure I've not got her moon face.

Good-by. We shall be as pleasant as birds, without husbands, in our green nest next door to Baby's church.

Chirpingly, your cousin,

LOU HASELTINE.

Translated for The Dayspring.

THREE PAIRS ARE ONE.

FROM THE GERMAN OF RUCKERT.

Two ears you have, one mouth, well
For this who sighs?
All that you hear you may not tell,
Listen and be wise.

Two eyes you have, one mouth, but
Don't let that worry,
The first keep open, the latter shut,
You'll not be sorry.

Two hands you have, one mouth: pray,
Is not that just?
Work all you should, play when you may,
Eat only when you must.

F. B. T.

For The Dayspring.

ABOUT ARTHUR.

A TRUE story about a little boy, six years old, named Arthur, who goes to Sunday School.

When Arthur was a very little boy, before he could speak quite plain, he learned to call his mother "Muv;" and he still calls her, sometimes, by the same name. A few days ago he said to her, very earnestly, "Muv, how do you spell God?" "How do *you* spell it?" asked his mother, much surprised at the question, because she was sure her little boy knew how to spell that name. "I don't know, Muv, how *do* you?" Then his mother said, very sadly, "Arthur, what shall I do to you for telling me such a wrong story?" "Why, Muv, I don't know, truly," said little Arthur, "do tell me how to spell it." Then his mother spelled "G, O, D, God." "O yes," said Arthur, "that is God is good, and God is love. I know how to spell that, but how do you spell what bad boys say?" Dear little Arthur! it did not seem possible to him that any one could speak as they did of his God, who is so good, and whose name is love. I pray that he may always feel so, and I wish that every man and boy might take to himself the lesson, "Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain."

A SUNDAY-SCHOOL TEACHER.

For The Dayspring.

VIOLET.

SWEET little violet of Heaven's own blue!
Sweet little violet, all fresh and new!
A circlet of dewdrops crowns thy bright head,
Peeping so coyly from thy cool mossy bed.
'Twas infinite goodness gave thee birth
To adorn the bosom of dear mother earth.

Sweet little violet, emblem of truth,
A comfort to age, a delight to youth!
Freely thy fragrance is wafted afar,
Lading with sweets the summer air.
Thou art a smile from our Father, sent from above,
Silently teaching us, God is love.

M. C. F.

S . . . April 7.

MISS FRANKLIN'S FLOWERS.

"OH! look, Auntie, aren't they sweet?" asked little Nellie Rich, holding up a cluster of the fragrant arbutus which she was arranging into a tasty bouquet for her teacher. "I'm glad spring has come again, with its buds and flowers. I can find something pretty every day, now, and Miss Franklin is so glad when we carry her bouquets. She is lame, you know, and cannot run about in the woods herself, and besides, she has so much else to do. She says her school-room is like a garden full of fragrance and beauty."

"Because you and the other children carry her so many flowers?" I asked.

"Why, no, not exactly that," replied Nellie.

"She says her pupils with clean faces and hands and well-brushed hair are like fresh flowers, only handsomer; and when we do well, it fills the whole air with sweet fragrance. Funny, isn't it?"

"But true, Nellie. I hope you will always remember to do as well as you can."

A. A. B.

For The Dayspring.

WHICH WAS RIGHT?

A LADY in a railroad car saw a fur collar lying on the floor under the seat which she was about to take. She picked it up and carried it home with her, saying to herself that the person who lost it would probably never come back to inquire for it; and if *she* did not pick it up, some one else would, who had no better right to it than she had. Another lady, about the same time, dropped her tippet in the crowded street of a great city. A poor laboring man saw her drop it, picked it up, ran after her, and returned it. Were both of these acts right? If one was right and the other wrong, which was wrong? If either was wrong, why was it wrong? What would have been the right thing to do? Will the rule "Whatsoever ye would that men shall do to you, do ye even so to them," apply to either of them.

A Questioner.

A LADY, at sea in a storm, exclaimed: "We shall all go to the bottom! Oh, how my head swims!"

"Never fear, madam!" said one of the sailors; "you cannot go to the bottom while your *head swims*."

BOOK NOTICES.

THE LIFE OF SAMUEL J. MAY, published by Roberts Brothers, has been given to the world in a neat volume, prepared principally by Rev. Thomas J. Mumford, editor of the "Christian Register." Mr. Mumford, with his usual tact and good sense, has concealed himself, and let Mr. May appear as far as possible in his own words and deeds.

Biography is the best of all reading for the young; and the story of a good, strong man's life, a man who unflinchingly followed Christ in the service of humanity through a long life passed in eventful times, is the very best biography. This volume should go into every Sunday-school library; and, indeed, into every home.

MAGAZINES.

The "Dayspring" has been remiss in its duty in not before extending its thanks to those magazines whose monthly visits it has so freely enjoyed.

There is Mr. OLIVER OPTIC'S MAGAZINE, published by Lee & Shepard. Its "Prize Rebus" has kept the "Dayspring" studying ornithology till it knows almost all the birds in creation, but it has not made it all out yet. Then there are three stories going on from month to month. The first, "The Yacht Club," is by Oliver Optic himself; the second, "Lottie Eames," by Mrs. E. D. N. Hatch; the third, "The Turning of the Tide," by Elijah Kellogg. Besides, there are numerous short, instructive, and amusing articles. Go on, Mr. Oliver, and help "Our Boys and Girls" all you can.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS, published by James R. Osgood & Co., is an old visitor; but not a mark of age anywhere yet, except in the wisdom and propriety with which it always conducts itself. J. T. Trowbridge is "Doing his Best," and all his readers are satisfied. Information is abundant, from "Electrotyping" down to "Naming our Baby." Fact and Fancy are given in goo

proportion. The "Evening Lamp" burns brightly; and "Our Letter-Box" is always full of good things. "Our Young Folks" makes the "Dayspring" glad for the young folks.

THE NURSERY is published by John L. Shorey "for youngest readers." Yes: and it might be said for all readers, and even for those who are not readers. From baby up to grandfather, every one must look at the pictures; and then, of course, must read the stories, or hear the stories read, to see what the pictures mean. No wonder, Mr. Shorey, your publication is such a universal favorite.

Puzzles.

10.

CHARADE.

THERE are three letters, each of which in sound
Presents to us a little word complete;
These letters in "The Dayspring" oft are found,
Initials of a name we love to greet.

The first, by turns, inspires love and fear.
To some gives wealth, to some gives happiness,
To others death; and death brings grievings drear
To others still, forlorn and comfortless.

The second, native to the dreamy East,
To us, however, a familiar friend,
At frugal meal, or at the goodly feast,
A grateful, fragrant cheer doth often lend.

The last, in summer's bright and golden hours,
Distils a store of sweetness from the dew,
Yet seems to be but playing 'mong the flowers,
Wherein, at times, she hides herself from view.

STOW, Mass. F. W. W.

11.

A RIDDLE.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.

We see each day, if God permits,
As have men for many a day,
Thousands of bright silver-white sheep
On a clear and measureless way.

They never change; but drink their life
From a sure and exhaustless spring.
To lead this flock a shepherd comes
With silver curved horns, as their king.

He guides them through a golden door,
And counts them over every night.
Howe'er so oft he's led them forth,
Not a lamb has he lost from sight.

A faithful hound his shepherd helps,
A glittering ram goes before.
Canst name the sheep that never change?
The shepherd the same as of yore?

A. E. R.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES.

3. The "tough morsel" again. A correspondent shows us the process of digestion in his mind, thus:

$$5 + 5 + 45 = 55 = LV.$$

The first of letters twice added gives ALVA.

He cannot say that Duke Alva killed a king in the person of "Philip II.," or drove a "wise man mad" in the person of "William of Orange," but he was fully equal to both deeds.

Still another correspondent shows the process in his mind to have been quite different.

$5+5=10$

$10\times45=450$

$450+L=500=D.$

D in king kills the *word*, and D makes man, *mad*.

8. — Palestine.

9. — No answer has yet been sent.

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